On the Trigger's Pull

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE is always trouble of one sort or another when a woman ed for fresher sensations, eddles with those things which do "I'll tell you," she said t

not concern her sex. she had to play with firearms she should have kept to Flobert rifles. Nothing would do, however, but that she must learn to shoot a carbine, and the result was that the whole post rose up and cut Burton, to a man; so that there was no peace for him any longer in that regiment, and he had to seek transfer to another.

Some thought that what Miss Mivart thought that it was a piece of idiotic silliness. The latter based their argument upon the general frivolouscency of her round, blue eyes. The former held to the belief that Miss Mivart was one of those women favorites of Fortune who look greater fools than they are. They said, with a certain show of reason, that Georgia a perfectly awful trigger to pull."

Mivart was a child of the service and Greville did what any man n not an importation from civil life. She had been born in a garrison, and had played with rows of empty, greenrimmed cartridge shells at an age when most little girls play with paper dolls. She had hummed snatches of the bugle calls before she could talk, and the person she had admired the most and obeyed the best for the first dozen years of her life had been Kreutzer, Capt. Mivart's tow-headed striker. A few years of boardingschool back east could not have obliterated all that.

Besides, the veriest civilian, who has never come nearer to a carbine than to watch a Fourth of July militia parade, might reasonably be expected to know by intuition that in a target practice competition every trigger has got to pull just so hard, whatever the regulation number or fraction of pounds may be. Otherwise, it is plain that the nearer you come to a hair trigger the better your aim will be.

However, whether Miss Mivart was fully aware of what she was doing, nobody ever knew, unless perhaps it was Greville-and he, like Zuleika, never told. But Burton had a bad time of it, and all his beautiful score went for worse than nothing at all.

There was a target practice competition going on at the post; not one which was of any interest to the service, or even to the department at large; just a little local affair, devised to keep up the esprit de corps of the troops and to lighten the monotony of life. There were three contests, one for troops and companies, as such; one for individual privates and one for the officers. This last was offinish off, and then there was to be

Everyone knew from the first, when Surton and Greville shot with their roops, that the officers' competition would lie between them. This made t interesting in more ways than one, secause the rivalry was not confined so the target range, but extended to seart, and everyone believed that this would settle a matter she did not appear to be able to settle for herself. Not that she was to blame for that, Anyone, even a person much more sertain of her own mind than Miss Mivart was, would have been put to it

to choose. They were both first lientenants, and both eavalrymen, and both good to look upon. Burton was fair and Greville was dark, but she had no fixed prejudices regarding that. She had often said so. Also, both were as much in love with her as even she could have wished, and were more than willing that all the world should see it-than which nothing is more pleasant and soothing to a right-minded woman.

The rifle contest lasted ten days. during which time the air hummed with the plug and sing of bullets over on the candle-waxed floor, and pushed his way range, and with the call of the markinto the midst. "Ours," he said, triers in the rifle-pits. Only scores and umphantly. records and bets were thought and talked about.

Miss Mivart herself had bet, with all the daring wickedness of a kitten teas- as anyone, and they, the men, at any ng a beetle. She even went so far rate, were hanging on her words. as to bet on both Burton and Greville it once. The adjutant undertook to "and so did Mr. Burton." (This,was the explain to her that that was called first either had known of the other's 'hedging," and was not looked upon as part in it, and they exchanged a look.) iltogether sporty. Miss Mivart was surt. Was it really dishonest, she wanted to know. The adjutant felt that he had been unkind. He hastened But I shot best with Mr. Burton's carto assure her that it was not-not bine. He must have fixed his trigger to lishonest in the least; only that it took | pull more easily; it was almost like, sway from the excitement of the thing | what do you call it, a hair-trigger?" to a certain extent. Miss Mivart smiled and shook her head. No, she didn't think that it did, because, of course, she knew herself which one she wanted to have win. The adjutant admitted | manding officer's steely eyes were on that that might possibly be just as interesting for herself and the fortunate man. And which was he, if he might ask. Miss Mivart shook her head and smiled again. No, she didn't think he might ask. As the man himself didn't know, she could hardly tell anyone else just yet, could she? She had her own ideas about fair play.

"I can shoot a carbine myself," she told the adjutant, with her left chin proudly raised; "and my shoulder is all black and blue. Mr. Burton is teach-

ing me."
"Oh!" said the adjutant, "and what does Greville think about that?" The adjutant was married, so he was out of

"Mr. Greville is teaching me, too," said Georgia; "and here he comes for

Burton was safe on the target range, over behind the barracks. Miss Mivart and Greville went in the other direction, by the back of the officers' row, ever in the foothills across the creek. Greville nailed the top of a big red pasteboard box to the trunk of a tree. and Miss Mivart hit it once out of 16 times—when she was aiming at the head of a prairie dog at least 20 feet sway to the right. The other 15 shots seattered among the foothills.

Then her shoulder hurt her so that the was ready to cry. Greville would dressmaker's tave liked to have her cry upon his Stray Stories

OCCOCCOCCOCCOCCOCCO own shoulder, but, as she didn't, he did some fancy shooting to distract her. He found a mushroom-can, and threw it into the air and filled it full of holes. She had seen Burton do the same thing that morning with a tomato-can. Infact, from where she sat now on a lichen-covered rock, she could see the mutilated can glittering in the sun. over beyond the arroyo. So she thirst-

"I'll tell you." she said to Greville, as he held up the mushroom-can for her Obviously, earlines were none of to inspect the eight holes he had made Miss Mivart's concern. If she felt that with five shots, "let me toss up your hat, and you make a hole through the trade mark in the crown."

It was a nice, new straw hat. Greville had sent east for it and it had come by stage the day before. It had cost him, express paid, \$4.75. This, too, at a time when anything he had left after settling his mess and sutler's and tailor's bills, went into stick-pins and There were other results, also, but candy and books and music and ridingwhips for Miss Mirart. But he took off the hat and gave it to her without even did was done on purpose, and some a lingering glance at that high-priced trade-mark within. And he felt that it was worth four times \$4.75 when she picked up the tattered remains, at last, ness of her ways, and upon the inno- and asked that she might have them to

hang in her room.

Then she looked down at her grimy hand and considered the first finger, crooking it open and shut. "I think it's going to swell," she pouted. "That is

Greville did what any man might have been expected to do. He caught the hand and kissed it. Miss Mivart looked absolutely unconscious of it. She might have been ten miles away herself. Greville, therefore, thought that she was angry, and his heart was filled with contrition. Yet he was old and wise enough to be a first lieutenant. He walked beside her back to the post in a state of humble dejection she could not understand.

The next morning it was Burton's Greville was over on the range turn. now, vainly trying to bring his record up to where Burton's was. This time Miss Mivart fired at a white pasteboardbox cover, and hit it three times out of substantial sacrifices for the glory of twenty. She was jubilant, and so was their country, were not prepared for Burton, because she was making such progress under his tuition.

"That's an easy carbine to shoot, isn't it?" she asked, as they wandered home; "it isn't at all hard to pull the trigger."

Burton glanced at her, and she met his eyes innocently. "It's just like any other trigger," be told her.

"Yes, of course. And is that the very same carbine you use in the competition-the one you shot with yesterday, and will use this afternoon when you finish up?" He told her that it was,

"Well," she said, complacently, "I hink I'm doing very nicely, don't you. hit the target three times, and my first finger doesn't hurt a bit-this morning.

That afternoon the competition many points ahead of Greville. And that night there was the big hop. It would endeavor to revive the decayhad been understood from the first that ing commercial interests and lay the the man who won was to take Miss foundation of genuine national pros-Mivart to the hop. So she went over with Burton, and gave him one-third of herdances. Greville had another third. the Dreibund, that famous but finanand the rest were open to the post at

Grevièle did not look happy at all. It was not the target record he minded. He never thought about that. It was having to go down the board-walk to he winning of Miss Mivart's hand and the hop-room behind Burton, and to watch Miss Mivart leaning on his arm and looking up into his face from under the white mists of her lace bood. He was not consoled at all when she looked up into his own face even more sweetly at the beginning of the second dance, and whispered that she was "so sorry." Now as the second dance had been

Greville's, the third was Burton's. That was the way it had been arranged. As the band began the waltz. Miss Mivart stood beside Greville in the eenter of quite a group. The commanding officer was in the group, so was Burton's captain, and so was the adjutant. There were some others as well, and also some women. Miss Mivart may have chosen that position, or it may simply have happened so.

Anyway, just as the waltz started, Burton, light-hearted and light-footed, came slipping and sliding over the

But Miss Mivart did not heed him at once. She was telling them all how she had learned to shoot a carbine as well

"Mr. Greville taught me," she said,

She looked about for an answer, and saw on their faces a stare of stony horror and surprise. They had moved a little away from Burton, and the comvoice was just a trifle unsteady as he spoke.

"This is our dance, I think, Miss Mi-

vart," he said. The innocent, round, blue orbs looked just a little coldly into his. "No," she told him, "I think you are mistaken. It is Mr. Greville's dance." And she turned and laid her hand on Greville's arm.-San Francisco Argonaut.

Not Named in the Will.

When Duchenois, the great French actress, diea some one met an old man who had been her intimate friend and who was apparently crushed with sorrow. Kindly meant professions of sympathy and consolation failed to cheer him, "for," said he, "it is not so much her loss which troubles me as her base ingratitude. Can you credit it? She left me nothing in her will and set I dined with her at her own house three times a week regularly for 30 years."

He Knew Her. "Home already, Percy, dear? Come,

give me a kiss." "Let me see your hands first."

"Why, you suspicious boy?" "I want to see whether you have a dressmaker's bill in one of them."-

Wonderful Strength of Mind.

Countisfactory Condition of Italian Affairs May Lead to His Depoeltion-Short History of the House of Savoy.

(Special Correspondence.) HE OLD saying that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" has certainly been verifled in the case of poor King Humbert of Italy, whose assassination by Anarchist Bresci startled the entire civflized world, although it did not surprise those, who have, even in a superficial way, kept themselves informed concerning the political and economic conditions of the Italian kingdom. When old Victor Emmanuel, the founder of the present United Italy, died he left to his son a realm burdened with debt and torn asunder by



VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

though patriotic and ready to make the heavy burden of taxation laid upon them for the support of a gigantic army and the construction and maintenance of a mighty navy. The ambition, nursed by the king and proclaimed by his advisers, to have Italy take a place among the great powers weakened the government at bome and repeatedly led to riots in various parts of the kingdom. The common people did not care to contribute everything they could earn to the military oligarchy at Rome; and socialistic and anarchistic agitators, taking advantage of the almost universal spirit of discontent, had no trouble in enlisting thousands of enthusiastic followers in the cities of northern Italy and the manufacturing districts

of Naples and Sicily. When Humbert ascended the throne came to an end, with Burton a good | it was hoped that he would institute far-reaching army reforms, that he perity. These hopes were never realized. Instead of breaking away from cially ruinous offensive and defensive alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, he became its most ardent supporter. From year to year the national debt increased, corcircles, and on top of all came the disastrous defeat of the Italian troops in Africa by the irregulars of King Menelik of Abyssinia. Outwardly the Italian government maintained to use a colloquial phrase, "a stiff upper lip;" royalty admitted several years ago that the days of the house of Savoy were numbered.

The villain who assassinated King Humbert represented nothing more than a hand of international outlaws. set his deed would have seemed more horrible to the people of Italy had they not been prepared for such a catastrophe by decades of financial oppression and injustice. Instead of di-



among all classes, the very poor have been compelled to contribute more than 50 per cent, of the nation's income. Young men emigrated and those his face. The face had turned white, who could not leave half starved and even with the sunburn, and Burton's identified themselves with revolutionary organizations. The king's advisers, instead of ameliorating the condition of the peasantry and working classes. sought to suppress the growing dissatisfaction by the enactment of severe

laws against republican agitation. Personally, Humbert was a most lovable man. In his private capacity he was ever ready to help the needy and lift up the fallen. He loved his people and honored himself by honoring their independence. When the pest invaded his kingdom a few years ago he visited the hospitals and comforted the sick. During all of his reign he never attempted to suspend the constitutional rights of the voters, although repeatedly urged to do so by the members of his cabinet. For these reasons his assassination has been deplored by the Italians as individuals, although in their political capacity the radicals consider his removal a warning to his successor who, they hope, will institute reforms calculated to

restore prosperity, peace and happiness The new king of Italy, who will be known as Victor Emmanuel III., is an unknown political quantity. Physical-

November 11, 1869, he was small and sickly, and despite the devoted care of nurses and physicians grew up a puny and ailing boy. In character, however, the young man is positive. Like his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, he possesses rare decision of mind which was first emphasizer after the Italian reverses in Africa when he openly opposed the policy of Prime Minister Crispi and accused that states man of being the principal cause of the Abyssinian disaster. Later he urged his father to recall the Italian troops from Africa and reform affairs at home. To this appeal, chroniclers say, King Humbert replied: "Victor Emmanuel III. may do so, but Humbert I. never." Prior to this episode the prince had not been popular in Italy, but since then the people have had faith in him and his destiny. How far he may be able to govern circumstances remains to be seen, however. The powers of an Italian ruler are extremely limited and to carry out any measure of reform he must have a powerful and united party

such support seems problematical. Another event which endeared the prince to his people was his marriage, on October 24, 1896, to Princess Helene of Montenegro, a woman of striking appearance and great strength of character. She is nearly six feet tall and stands head and shoulders over her husband. It was the hope of the late king that her health would compen-sate for his son's weakness, and that children would be born to the couple, thereby keeping up the direct line of king that her health would compenuccession. This hope has thus far not been realized. All accounts describe the regent queen as being beautiful in form and figure. She has large, lustrous, dark eyes: masses of black hair of the genuine raven's wing hue; a dazglingly transparent complexion, and an extremely graceful carriage. She is a fine musician; speaks English, German, French and Italian with fluency; is a clever artist and evidently cultured in

at his command. That he will have

all branches of literature. The peculiar physical condition of the new ruler leads many European statesmen to think that he will be unable to maintain the long-threatened dynasty of the house of Savoy in securty, and that he will be the last of this celebrated family to rule the Italian

kingdom. The house of Savoy is one of the oldest and most distinguished in Europe. It was founded by Humbert the Whitehanded, to whom, in 1027, Ru-



ties of Savoy and Maurienne, and to BUTTER-Extra to fancy ... whom Emperor Conrad gave the Salie CHEESE-Full cream . Chablais and the lower Valais. This POTATOES Home grown ... princes of Savoy. He died in 1048, CATTLE Native steers ... and was succeeded by Amadeus I., his oldest son, and later by Otto, his HOGS-Packers fourth son, who, through marriage, but even the most ardent admirers of fourth son, who, through marriage, came into possession of the rich counties of Turin and Aosta. This was the beginning of the process by which the enterprising Savoyards appropriated to themselves, in the course of nine centuries, the whole Italian peninsula and the islands tributary to it.

Tradition has it that the princes of Savoy have during all that time carried out the advice of Charles Emmanuel III., who is said to have advised them to "treat Italy as an artichoke, to be eaten leaf by lesf." In 1333 Count Amadeus founded a law of promogeniture, which strengthened the family and led to the acquisition of Nice. Early in the fifteenth century the courts of Savoy assumed the title of duke. A few years later they annexed the principality of Picdmont, and early in the eighteenth CORN-No. 2 red century obtained the rich island of Sielly. With the last acquisition went royalty and the title of king. In 1720 Sicily was exchanged for Sardinia. At the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 Genoa was added to the Sardinian erown. King Carlo Felice, the last of the male line of Savoy, died in 1831, and the crown went to Carlo Alberto, head of one of the younger branches of the family. Carlo Felice did not like the king business with its multifarious worries and dangers, and on March 23, 1849, abdicated in favor of his son, the late Victor Emmanuel II. The latter was an aggressive ruler, and by the peace of 1859 obtained Lombardy and soon afterward Parma, Modena, the Romagna, Tuscany, Naples and Sicily. In 1866 he wrested Mantua and Venice from the Austrians, and in 1870 com-

pleted the political unification of Italy by the absorption of the Papal states. In spite of their success as conquerors the Savoy princes never managed to accumulate large personal estates. They have always had palaces in every important city of the kingdom, but in case of a revolution these would revert to the nation. The ill-fated Humbert was the first of the family to lay the foundation of a well-invested fortune. He invested about \$20,000,000 in business enterprises through London bankers and carried life insurance to the amount of \$7,000,000. In case of a sudden collapse of the royal bubble these sums would have to be used by the new king and his spouse to keep the wolf from the door. The king's mother, the Downger Queen Margherita, one of the loveliest women of the century, is rich in her own right, and her fortune might enable Victor III. to secure a few of the luxuries of life in addition to the necessities obtainable with the parental mil-G. W. WEIPPIERT.

Tot Particular. "That little Tommie Mugter is mean, disobligin' boy."

"What did he do?" ly he is a weakling, but mentally he is a giant. He speaks all the modern languages fluently, is a scientific scholar guages fluently, is a scientific scholar jus' because he's littler than mel"—and well trained in the art of war. Alpreparations of Cocoa and Chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate in the World, have received the highest awards from the great International and other expositions in Europe and America; this is the third award from a Paris Exposition.-New York Trib-

And Willle Knew. Little Willie—Paw, is ma a microbe?
Mr. Henpeck—Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?
"Well, the teacher toid us that baldness was caused by a microbe."—Baltimore Amer-

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